The
COMMONWEAL

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The Dulles Stunt

THE TIME has come in the presidential campaign for spectacular tricks and stratagems. The Republicans have led off with the sudden emergence of John Foster Dulles, acclaimed by all hands as Secretary-of-State-to-be, and as such closeted with Secretary Hull for a discussion of American foreign policy in order to "crystallize" and "synthesize" the people's view in this vital matter. After a preliminary parley with Wendell Willkie Mr. Dulles set out to meet Mr. Hull.

It is not that John Foster Dulles has up to this point been languishing in anything like obscurity. As senior partner in one of New York's most gilt-edged law firms he has numbered among his clients enough foreign governments and dignitaries to maintain his long contact with the international scene. He participated as a secretary in the Hague peace conference as far back as 1907. He filled several important posts at the Versailles peace conference and in reparations and other subsequent negotiations. International relations has been a prime interest in his distinguished career. He is a very prominent Presbyterian layman. He is most widely known as the author of the Six Pillars of Peace adopted within the year by the Federal Council of Churches. He has long been mentioned as Dewey's Secretary of State.

All this has from time to time brought Mr. Dulles to certain public notice. But now he is front page news with a vengeance. Did that simply happen? and did it simply happen that *Life* lavishly featured his story a few days before Mr. Dulles reached the American front page? Political campaigns are not run that way.

Before proceeding further it is well to state that John Foster Dulles is a most attractive figure. He is personable, intelligent and patently sincere. He is consciously Christian in his international thinking—far more so than most men in public life. And he knows whereof he speaks.

But does all this make it justifiable to assume, as the Dewey campaign managers would apparently have us all assume, that because of Mr. Dulles a Republican victory in November would mean a better chance for a just and lasting peace? Would the presence in the State Department of the author of the Pillars of Peace provide any guarantee that, with the two-thirds majority required for treaty ratification, the many Republican isolationists would not have the final say as to America's new international commitments?

Mr. Dulles declares that he wants foreign issues discussed before the American electorate for educational purposes, presumably on a high plane of argument. In his own views he goes far beyond the Republican platform—and the Democratic platform as well—in international matters. His activity has a sincerely religious motivation. Yet, despite all this, his sudden propulsion to the front page may, if not recognized for what it is, lead a lot of equally sincere advocates of a Christian peace to believe that all they have to do is to vote for Governor Dewey.

The Warsaw Uprising

THERE are a dozen reasons that might be alleged for Russia's apparent indifference to the fate of the heroic Poles who revolted, August 1, against the German garrison as the Soviet armies approached Warsaw. What would the American and British commanders have done, for instance, if the French underground in its revolt in Paris had called for help, just when the whole plan under which the Allies were proceeding meant by-passing the French capital by a number of miles on either side? It is easy to think of such factors as the need for amassing supplies for the storming of the city, the danger from a strategic viewpoint in attacking the city, considering German strength and position at the time etc.

The suspicion will not down, however, that the Russian delay in coming to the aid of the Warsaw underground may have something deliberate

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about it. Why is it, for instance, that only fliers from faraway Britain have dropped supplies to General Bor's besieged forces? And why above all does *Izvestia* at this bitter juncture upbraid the Poles for rising prematurely?

The *New Leader,* admittedly violently anti-Stalin, quotes Tomasz Arciszewski, Poland's Socialist President-designate, to the effect that between August 3 and 15 bombardment of Warsaw's suburbs by Soviet artillery ceased and no Red planes flew over the city. Mindful of the notorious execution by the Soviets of the Polish labor leaders, Ehrlich and Alter, the *New Leader* charges that "Moscow's statement that the uprising was not coordinated with Red Army plans is a deliberate lie to cover the cold-blooded betrayal of the Polish patriots." Again, it asks, "Does Stalin desire the extermination of the Socialists of Warsaw, to save him the job of purging them later . . .?"

These doleful questions seem all tied up with the failure of the Polish government in exile in London and the Soviet government to come to satisfactory terms. Much of it would have been avoided if the United States had insisted long ago, while we were still in a good bargaining position with Moscow, that the boundary issue be settled. Now all the United States can do is to exert every influence to persuade the Russians—and the Poles—to reach a mutually acceptable agreement as speedily as may be. The present impasse endangers thousands of brave Poles and darkens post-war prospects in Eastern Europe.

Stranglehold on Drinks

IN THE *Congressional Record* for August 7 appears a document entitled "Partial Report No. 2" made by the subcommittee of the Committee on the Judiciary investigating the liquor industry. It offers sad reading for those who have been filling the advertising pages of our magazines with cant about "free enterprise"—a form of cant even more obnoxious than that which involves religion and morals, for it is directed solely at personal enrichment. This report is particularly concerned with the monopolistic tendency among those who supply the American public with alcoholic beverages. It startlingly demonstrates how capitalism, even in the most unlikely fields, tends toward monopoly and the destruction of every vestige of that free enterprise about which the copy-writers are shedding such lusty crocodile tears. A glance at the appendices to the report makes this clear.

APPENDIX 1

National Distillers Products Corporation, and subsidiary companies

National Distillers Products Corporation: Bardstown Distillery, Inc. (Maryland); the Black Gold Distillery Co. (Maryland); the Blue Grass Distillery Co. (Maryland); the Bond & Lillard Distillery Co. (Maryland); the Bourbon de Luxe Distillery Co. (Maryland); the Crab Orchard Distillery Co. (Maryland); the Hermitage Distillery Co. (Maryland); the Hill & Hill Distillery Co. (Maryland); the Mount Vernon Distillery Co. (Maryland); the Old Crow Distillery Co. (Maryland); the Old Grand Dad Distillery Co. (Maryland); the Old McBraver Distillery Co. (Maryland); the Old Taylor Distillery Co. (Maryland); Sunny Brook Distillery Co. (Maryland); National Distillers Export Co., Inc. (New York); Bellows & Co., Inc. (Maryland); A. Overholt & Co., Inc. (Pennsylvania); Large Distilling Co. (Pennsylvania); National Distillers Corporation of New England (Massachusetts); Marques del Merito, Inc. (Maryland); Shewan-Jones, Inc. (Maryland); Italian Swiss Colony (California); Gambarelli & Davitto, Inc. (Delaware); Gambarelli & Davitto, Inc. (Massachusetts); Glencoe Distillery Co. (Kentucky) (owns 75 percent of outstanding stock); John de Kuyper & Son, Inc. (New York) (owns 70 percent of outstanding stock); W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd. (Delaware) (owns 66 2/3 percent of outstanding stock).

APPENDIX 2

Schenley Distillers Corporation and subsidiary companies

Schenley Distillers Corporation: Associated Kentucky Distilleries Co. (Kentucky); Astor Pure Rye Distilling Co. (Kentucky); Belmont Distilling Co. (Kentucky); Clifton Springs Distilling Co. (Delaware); Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc. (Delaware); Geo. A. Dickel Distilling Co., (Delaware); Rontang Distilleries, Inc. (Pennsylvania); Joseph S. Finch & Co. (Pennsylvania); The Gibson Distilling Co. (Maryland); The Greenbrier Distilling Co. (Maryland); L. E. Jung & Wulff Co., Inc. (New York); The Melvale Distillery Co. (Maryland); The Monticello Distillery Co. (Maryland); Napa Valley Wine and Brandy Co., Inc. (Maryland); The New England Distilling Co. (Kentucky); Bernheim Distilling Co. (Kentucky); Number One Distilling Co. (Pennsylvania); Old Charter Distillery Co. (Delaware); The Old Quaker Co. (Maryland); Oldetyme Distillers Corporation (Delaware); Green River Distilling Co. (Maryland); Oldetyme Distributors, Inc. (Pennsylvania); Oldetyme Distillers, Inc. (Maryland); Jas. E. Pepper & Co. (Kentucky); Roma Wine Co. (Delaware); Schenley Distilleries, Inc. (Maryland); Schenley Distributors, Inc. (New York); Schenley Import Corporation (New York); Dubonnet Corporation (Pennsylvania); Schenley Products Co. (Pennsylvania); The Geo. T. Stagg Co. (Kentucky); The Stagg-Finch Distillers Corporation (Delaware); Sam Thompson Distilling Co. (Maryland); United American Co. (Kentucky); The Wilken Family, Inc. (Pennsylvania).

There are two more of these mammoths—Distillers Corporation-Seagrams, Ltd. (which among other things owns "Four Roses") and Hiram Walker-Gooderham & Worts, Ltd. It is obvious on the face of it that such centralization tends to kill all small independent distilleries and wine producers. The report suggests that there may be a considerable amount of interlocking between the Big Four. It specifically accuses them of a typical monopolistic practice—hoarding whiskey and misleading the public as to the amount available, in the hope that after the war, when price control will have gone, it will be possible to sell their vast stocks at altogether unwarrantably high prices. Such are the operations of what the innocent public is being asked to preserve at all costs, that wonderful institution, "free enterprise."

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What Repose There Is

SUBWAYS, elevateds, street cars, taxis, and above them the planes going out over the sea, traveling out over the country, swiftly passing above the trains, proceeding from one city to another and then if you stay in the city there are the rivers on each side of the city with the ferries crossing the rivers, the trains crossing the bridges, above the rivers, the trains, the automobiles, the subways passing underneath the rivers through the tunnels, the ships leaving the docks. One may leave the war out of it and all the pictures of the war; it does not matter where the ships sail to or where the planes fly to. Or what the ships and the planes carry; they do not carry me.

Out of the truck they are bringing two hundred women's dresses; the dresses are on hangers as if two hundred women had hung them up, neatly. Two hundred women all the same size changing their dresses all at the same time as the Rockettes do between turns; then they are in line on the stage; the curtain rises, the girls go into their drill; the dresses are filled with the bodies of the girls, the dresses move about, but always in line or in combinations of lines, and at the end of the act they are in line with the footlights, the curtain falls, and then the dresses are on hangers again, limp, and when the girls leave the air conditioned theater they come out into the hot street and they are all dressed differently and each one of the girls has her own name again. They come out at night or after the matinée performance. The office workers and the factory workers leave their work; the gentlemen in the leather armchairs behind the large windows of University Club on Fifth Avenue withdraw from the windows, leave the armchairs. That is at the end of the day, but it all starts again the next day, and it does not matter who leaves what or who goes where; that is to say it does not matter if what you are looking at is the motion of the city.

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That is why it does not matter if you do not walk with the crowds along Broadway. There is no refuge. Mrs. Vanderbilt has this house on Fifth Avenue; it is now sold to the Astor interests and, in the days of the Front Populaire in Paris, there was a song that said whenever a Colonel talks to a Colonel they are always talking about a Colonel and in this sense it is not particularly interesting whether it is an Astor or a Vanderbilt who owns this or that, but it is interesting to know that in Mrs. Vanderbilt's house there was one room which was so protected from the sounds of the street and so guarded from annoyance—in it were such lovely works of restful art—that it was quite possible to think that here at least no motion could ever intrude. And now it is interesting to know that the pick axe presently will intrude.

The carriage dog balances beautifully on top of the Hook and Ladder, the intern in white rides the ambulance to a call, the boys who have been caught with the marijuanas sit facing each other on the benches of the patrol wagon, an officer and his girl ride past, kissing, in a taxi. In the old days when there were open cars on Lexington Avenue, when there was still a Lexington Avenue line, you could sit on the back platform in the summer with your feet up on the fender, and you could take the car on the run for there was a step all along the open car and this was one of the graceful, well-timed things a city man learned to do. The heavy trailer trucks leaving New York City for Connecticut, Rhode Island, New England, turn west on One Hundred and Tenth Street, go down the hill between the hospital and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and leave Manhattan Island by the bridge over the Harlem River.

Of course it is not only the vehicles and the people moving, it is also what happens when you are not alone and then the nation's politics, and the war, and the troops, the ships, the tanks, the planes, are also in motion because it is impossible not to hear what anyone will tell you about how they move and where they go; it is also what happens when you are alone because they cannot be excluded even then.

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At Mickie's the whole business is all there together. When the Third Avenue El. goes by outside you cannot hear yourself talk. When the El. has passed there is an Irish sailor from County Meath and he says that he went to the movies and saw the "March of Time" about Ireland, only it went so fast that when they showed the crowd at the racetrack he says he would have known everyone who was there but he did not have the time to recognize their faces. They all went by too fast he says. Back of the bar there is a picture of a train running in the valley by a river; on the river is a steamboat; on the road which runs beside the tracks there is a carriage drawn by two grays, and a child in the carriage is waving to the train. There is no airplane in the skies because it is an old picture. A fly is walking across the river, across the train; the fly walks across the clouds in the blue sky. There is a great deal of traveling in this bar, transportation, and foreign countries. On the wall is a stuffed dog. The customers used to give it nickels, when it was alive, and it would carry the nickel in its mouth and carry it to a stand on Third Avenue where the man would sell it chocolates. Then it got run over. The stuffed dog is a quiet image of repose.

C. G. PAULDING.

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What of the Japanese?

We must understand them, and other peoples

William Franklin Sands

NORMAN THOMAS recently made a statement of which most people do not and can not realize the significance. He was writing in *Human Events,* the weekly newsletter founded a couple of months ago by Frank Hanighen and Felix Morley. Mr. Thomas was discussing the identity—and the futility—of both of the political party platforms. In his discussion he stated his conviction concerning a truth upon which I have been pounding for years without, so far, having been able to get it across. He says that "the Asiatic area of the world war is primarily a social revolution of all Asia and Africa, *plus* a rebellion of all 'colored subject races' against all 'white skinned master races'" (including ourselves).

That is, of course, exactly true. I have gone further than that in university circles and with naval and military intelligence. I have insisted that the European area of the world war is in fact a gigantic *civil* war, because we all come from the same racial roots and the same Christianity. We *could,* therefore, understand each other, if we wanted to; but we don't want to. The Pacific and Asiatic area of the world war is something entirely different, which we do not, and apparently, can not understand. It is, in fact, a total revolution of Asia and Africa into the consequences of which the Pacific islands are drawn. Its aim, sometimes definite, sometimes hazy, is to acquire all those things which have given Western civilization its preponderance in the world; and because of the frustration of that aim it is a rebellion of all colored subject races against all white master races. As far back as 1896, the Japanese attempted to persuade the Chinese to join with them in continental defense against the "aggressors" among the Western Powers. To them, all Western Powers were aggressors. There was no notion, then, of conquest. It was purely defense.

Our attempt to annex the Hawaiian islands, together with our published statements concerning "Our Plan to Dominate the Pacific" (James G. Blaine, John Foster—grandfater, by the way, of John Foster Dulles—President Harrison) in 1896 disturbed the Japanese, who, after all, quite reasonably believed that they belong in the Pacific, and whose islands were not towed in and anchored there. The Japanese were disturbed, further, by their study of the partition of Africa, and saw before them a developing attempt to partition China. Still further, the opening of the Panama Canal caused all these fears and misgivings to ferment; and we never did anything, consistently, to formulate or instrument a peace policy of our own, or effectively to allay the growing distrust and dislike of what seemed to be our intentions. There is no need to argue that our intentions being honest, we had no need to set up any definite peace policy. The fact is that we Americans are physically rather big people and blunt, not always smooth and polished in the expression of our thought. The Japanese, on the contrary, are physically small people, suspicious, jealous, and quick to resent a slight. They have suspected everything we have done, and resented it.

From 1896 on, the Japanese worked upon the Manchu government of Imperial China for mutual development and defense; but the Manchus had become arrogant, ignorant and stupid people. Sun Yat Sen's Chinese revolution threw the Manchus back to their own land, in which, within my own memory, Chinese were not allowed to settle, nor even, under pain of death, were they allowed to cross the Manchurian border. The Japanese then persistently attempted to develop defensive cooperation with China, the "co-prosperity" idea, by force, if necessary; and their efforts gradually became so offensive that they turned into the aggression of which we are now feeling the effects.

Around 1896, Japanese discussion with the Chinese, on the subject of cooperative defense, bogged down. The Manchus and the Chinese both despised the Japanese. Our present portrayal of Japanese as monkeys is directly traceable to Chinese influence. Both admitted that the Japanese had made considerable progress in the application of Western scientific techniques; but both were quite convinced that the Japanese could never hold their own in a war against the West. It became necessary, therefore, for the Japanese to demonstrate their equality in arms against some carefully chosen Western power. They selected Spain in the Philippines. I am not speaking theoretically. Nor from somebody's book. I was there and was part of it, and in those days Japanese spoke freely and frankly about it.

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The Japanese program was to beat, but not conquer, Spain in the Philippines. It was to be purely a demonstration that on sea and land Japanese arms could beat Spanish arms, in a classical, orthodox war—with the usual indemnities to pay expenses, but without any idea of conquest.

Just as they were ready to demonstrate, our war against Spain broke out. George Dewey moved into Manila Bay.

The Japanese were quite certain that they could not attack America. That was completely out of their picture. They moved then at once to develop a joint American-Japanese policy for the Pacific, to safeguard the Philippines—which we rejected, confirming their conviction that "Our Plan to Dominate the Pacific" really meant something. Before they could evolve another demonstration by which to convince the Imperial Government of China, the Japanese became involved in a war with one of the greatest of all European powers—Russia. To their own amazement, they won the Japanese-Russian War. They did it very largely because of Russian corruption and ineptitude, and because of Theodore Roosevelt's and our whole country's enthusiastic support of "little Japan, the underdog." There are times when I feel that we do not think or remember diplomatically very deeply or very long.

That was in 1904. It was then that Japan's growing defense policy changed radically—forty years ago. We did not see the causes of that change. We do not see them now. Not one of all the books about Japan and the Pacific that have been flooding us since Pearl Harbor shows the slightest true knowledge of it. We know nothing—in the United States—of what was happening in the Japanese-Russian war, except what the Japanese wanted us to know or let us know. Some of us were present and saw and knew, but Japanese censorship was absolute—and American public (and official) opinion was favorable to the Japanese. American public opinion accepted what we were told of, and by, the Japanese. If any of us, after coming home, were of a different opinion, because we had seen, we were told that we were wrong. The record was otherwise.

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Now what actually happened in 1904 included two vitally important things which even today we still deny. The Japanese constitution was written, in *English,* in 1889. Since it was, in appearance, an ordinary, orthodox constitution on the western model, with which we are familiar, we did not and do not attempt to understand its peculiarities. We simply accept them. It has two important peculiarities which I have never been able to persuade anyone to read understandingly. The first is, the wording of the constitutional article concerning the Emperor: "The Emperor shall be . . ." That sounds, to Westerners, like the conventional phrasing; but the Japanese, in 1889, were not yet very proficient in the use of English. No Japanese could have said that *in Japanese.* In Japanese, in the Japanese ideology, the Emperor *"is,"* not "shall be." He *is,* because he is divine. The Japanese claim that the Emperor is a divine person bears analogy to the Christian claim that Christ is a divine Person. The Japanese and the Christian each resents the other's claim with horror as being sacrilegious. American writers are at considerable pains, since Pearl Harbor, to prove that the divinity of the Emperor is something entirely new, a new invention developed by the "War Party." That contention is false. In a theocratic concept, many such analogies can be drawn. For example: in the Roman Catholic church a belief of ancient standing may stand for centuries until it is disputed. When that happens, authority steps in and defines the belief. After that there can be no dispute. The definition becomes dogmatic.

By analogy, the Japanese military establishment "is authority" in such matters, for a reason that will be explained presently. Belief in the divinity of the Emperor has always existed: as schools and universities developed, the divinity of the Emperor was taught. Not many years ago, universities gave up teaching that doctrine, though all lower schools continued to do so. Recently, however, the military establishment "defined" and the belief became dogma. There is a kind of similarity in the case of the Pope's status as Vicar of Christ on Earth. It became necessary to define it. After definition, those Roman Catholic Christians who accepted the definition, accepted it fully, though not all Christians do accept it; but *all* Japanese accept the divinity of the Emperor outwardly and officially, whether they believe it or not, because it is law.

One could understand the Japanese idea of the Emperor on the supposition that Christ, God-Man, had left physical descendants retaining divinity, who should be Emperor and Pope to the end of time. The God-Man cannot be responsible *to* his subjects. He is divinely responsible *for* them. Consequently, while the Emperor may emit a constitution for the good of his subjects, he may re-absorb it into himself. That is one of the important points to which I have alluded. The other is that (as with the Catholic Church, through its administration) *somebody* must be responsible, directly, to the God-Man. One can say that is all fantastic till he is blue in the face; if that is the way people believe, that is what you have to deal with. This responsible *somebody* is the Japanese military establishment, the army and the navy. The military establishment is outside of the constitution, specifically, in words. It is the guardian of the imperium.

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Nobody is going to get anywhere with understanding the Japanese unless he understands that. Merely to deny it, or to dislike it, gets you nowhere. The way I have said is the way it is.

One comes thus immediately to a consequence and a sequence: the whole set-up is theological. The army and navy are "responsible to God" and only to God. Take it or leave it. Next step: it has happened before now that ecclesiastics, responsible to God, have allowed their minds to be clouded or put off the straight line. It is possible for an ecclesiastic to become an unbeliever, even an atheist, and continue to be a churchman because of the power organized religion gives.

And so it can be also with the Japanese military establishment. A "war party" or "militarism" has no meaning. We use those words in a sense which Japanese don't even understand. A further point: guardians of the imperium who may have become heretical to the fundamental doctrine of the Divinity of the Emperor, or unbelievers, or atheistic, having become so, still clinging to the imperial set-up. After 1904, *power* obsessed them. The direct sequence to power is conquest; but there is a vital flaw in the sequence.

After 1904, we must look back for a moment to what happened and to the nature of the Japanese military establishment. Before that, I repeat, the system was defensive. It had to be, as guardian of the imperium. Army and navy had to be well trained in Western techniques. The French, before 1870, were supposed to be the best soldiers in the world. After 1870, French instructors were changed for German instructors. The Royal Navy was supposed to be the best and most powerful. British instructors were chosen, consistently. Later, the R. A. F. and the Royal Fleet Air Arm were supposed to be the best in the air. British naval officers trained the Japanese fleet air arm. Since Americans were supposed by the Japanese to be more or less impartial "though slightly stupid," Americans were attached to the Imperial Foreign Office as advisers. Most importantly: the Japanese army and navy were drawn from the hereditary warrior caste, which in Japanese social classification is the highest of the nine social categories (the money man, merchant, banker, etc., being the lowest). This class corresponded to the knightly caste of feudal Europe. In 1904, in the Russian War, the warrior caste was almost completely wiped out. The old army had a definite and respectable military ethic. They had, truly and undeniably (though current writers do deny it) an approximation to Christian knighthood, such as the Moors also had, in their seven hundred years war with Spain, and in the Crusades.

In 1904 the man-losses were tremendous. Immediate replacements were urgent. There was only one source available: the new social class of the industrial proletariat, physically incapable, ignorant, a low order of people. Drawn into action, they flinched and broke under fire. A very great number of them had to be shot by their own officers; many had to be withdrawn from action; but, in spite of everything, Russia was defeated.

The next task of the guardians of the imperium was to breed up a new race of warriors. First emphasis was placed on physicial development. Then on religious loyalty to the Emperor. Next, blind obedience to superior officers; but in all that training, the new army was mentally, intellectually and spiritually stunted. Military ethics were out. These new men were trained to be killers, by every means conducive to that end. With that accomplished, and with the vision of power, the flaw to which I have referred began to appear: a poison was injected into Japanese mentality. I do not mean Shintoism, upon which current writers are so insistent now that they have suddenly discovered the word. Shintoism never amounted to anything among the Japanese until the army took it up as useful for its purposes. It was always, until then, a negligible and degraded thing—as Buddhism was for centuries in all northern Asia. It was "taken up" by the army together with every other thing that could be used to raise native "morale" and break down foreign morale.

The Japanese army chief studied, for instance, our own organized crime—narcotics, prostitution, kidnaping for ransom, gangster organization, smuggling, etc., etc. The army formed a military monopoly of all these things and used them all over Asia. Our gangsters and racketeers were well aware of the profits which flowed from organized crime. So were the Japanese war-lords. With all that terrific money power in their hands—and they had heretofore always been austerely poor men—conquest of the riches of Asia side-tracked a single-minded military strategy for the development and consolidation of the thing they called *"Co-prosperity."* The co-prosperity drive was the Japanese urge to set themselves at the head of all Asia and Africa, of all the revolution of the vast majority of the human race, to acquire and enjoy all those things which have made the Western peoples predominant in the world. And with it went, encouraged and fomented by them, and still goes ever-increasingly, a rebellion of *all* colored subject races against *all* white master races.

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Study what is happening all over the United States with the Negro. Study the position of the Chinese among "The Four." Granted that the Chinese hate the Japanese and have cause to hate them, it is not certain that they dislike "white master races" less than they dislike the Japanese.

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Or than the peoples of India do. Or than some Africans do. Japanese military corruption blunted the spearhead upon which they counted to draw in all of Asia and Africa into revolution and rebellion against the West. That is the great flaw in Japanese conquest and strategy.

Added to that corruption comes another concerning which I have not been able to get any statistics from the Pacific islands, because of the "shortage" of Japanese prisoners. In my recollection, Pancho Villa used green troops in combat, after administering marihuana and other drugs to them to give them blind courage and make them impervious to shock and pain. The Japanese soldier was, originally, an austere and frugal person. He had been put up against the unlimited and indiscriminate use of drugs, in occupied territory. To what extent has that affected this lower order of fighting man which has been bred up in the past forty years, now that he has been thrown into unrestrained and disorderly contact with drugged "natives" on the Chinese frontier? To what extent have the Japanese island garrisons been fed drugs by their own officers, deliberately, to arouse this blind, fatalistic fanaticism our people have noticed? Naval and military intelligence should be able to have a look at that, as well as a number of other points I have suggested as being true and worth their while to observe.

Lloyd's of London has been quoting odds of a little better than three to two that the war in Europe will be over in October. However that may be, we are a long way yet from the end of the war in Asia. Even after the destruction of the Japanese Navy and the defeat of their armies, the war will be very far from over, for the reasons I have attempted to explain. Concentrated and organized force will not hold or reconstruct Asia. Revolution and rebellion can not be contained by force. We shall get nowhere among Asiatics, Africans and Pacific islanders by our loose expressions of "democracy." It is quite probably the most formidable problem confronting the human race. And it has to be met, not shirked. We have made this Pacific area of the world war an American war. We must take a large responsibility in its consequences. Aside from whatever military actions we take later to ensure us against any such breakdown of civilization in the future, it is certain that we must begin by understanding the world in which we live. It is not too much to say that we do not—we do not understand other people. We do not fully understand our American selves; but we can begin to make an attempt to do it.

The Ladies' Garment Workers

Anatomy of a union

John Cort

WHEN LOUIS ADAMIC did "Dynamite" he brought to the writing of American labor history just the kind of verve and dramatic excitement—what you might call literary "zing"—that the subject deserves and needs, but never gets. Now another man has come up with another good job on the history of one particular union, the International Ladies' Garment Workers of the AFL. If labor is your dish, don't miss "Tailor's Progress"* by Benjamin Stolberg.

The ILG deserved a good write-up. It is a very interesting union—a union whose history is rich in personalities, proletarian ideas, every shade of Marxism, constructive experiments in labor relations, political activity, plus just a dash of gangsterism. In the American labor field it is by all odds the leader in such extra-curricular activities as education, dramatics, health service, summer camps, etc. Its musical comedy, "Pins and Needles," was a Broadway hit, kept two road companies going for four years and did a command performance at the White House. Its current president, David Dubinsky, was one of the founders of the CIO, the American Labor Party and its recent schism group, the Liberal Party, is an outspoken foe of racketeering in the AFL and an effective practitioner of capital-labor cooperation. The ILG has a membership of 310,000, of which 30 percent are Jewish and 40 percent Italian origin, while its executive board consists of 21 foreign-born Jews and three foreign-born Italians, a fact which, Dubinsky admits quite frankly, doesn't look too good. In any case, a very interesting union.

Union organization in the women's garment field in this country dates back only to 1880 (some say 1879) and the first assembly of the Knights of Labor, which was born in New York City and

*Tailor's Progress. Benjamin Stolberg. Doubleday. $2.75.

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died almost immediately. Before that time there was no women's garment industry worth mentioning, American women still relying for self-adornment on their own scissors, needles and whatever "pattern" they could lay their hands on. In the early shops conditions were about as completely, hair-raisingly awful as anything in the sorry story of man's stupid cruelty to man. "Even during the slack season 14 or 15 hours was considered a fair day. In the busy season people simply worked to exhaustion." A factory inspector's report on one shop, where four men and three women worked in a room 14 feet square in a dark, filthy basement, reads as follows: "Room contained four machines, stove with fire in it . . . air was intolerably bad; folding doors were open between this shop room and the room in which Darwut [the employer] and wife sleep and eat and cook and keep boarders; the boarders [two] slept in low room off shop, unlighted and unventilated."

For such work in such places skillful male cloakmakers were lucky if they could make $15 a week in good times, $6 or $7 in bad times, while the women fluctuated pretty steadily between $3 and $6 a week. And yet the employers, as indicated by the above report on the Darwut shop, were often just as desperately impoverished as the help. The real villain was the contracting system of garment manufacturers, and of course the big manufacturer who took full advantage of the deadly competition to which it so readily surrendered itself. The total absence of organization among the garment workers, at that time mostly Jewish immigrants, left them completely exposed to the tender mercies of the sacred law of supply and demand. The result was murderous in both figure and fact.

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Fortunately, the men who set out to organize this mess were endowed with great ability and aflame with a positively consuming fire. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they were aflame with a variety of consuming fires. Anarchists, socialists, De Leon bolshevists, pure-and-simple trade unionists (also known as "pure and-simpletons"), they fought like tigers among themselves, but they fought even more furiously to build a union that would make life in America more than a little different from the miserable slavery they had known in the ghettos of Eastern Europe. Gradually ideological leadership went to the socialism of Morris Hillquit, ILG attorney and its "gray Eminence" for many years, and Abraham Cahan, editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, who is now in his 80's and still going strong. But actually, of the four outstanding leaders of the ILG since its birth in 1900, only Benjamin Schlesinger (1903-4, 1914-23, 1928-32) was a convinced socialist. John Dyche (1904-14) was a pure-and-simpleton, Morris Sigman (1923-28) was more of an anarchist than anything else and David Dubinsky (1932-) is a reformed socialist and New Dealer who once told Stolberg that "trade unionism needs capitalism like a fish needs water."

For one year (1903-04) an Irish cutter named James McCauley was president of the ILG, and that is something few people know or would ever guess. For the next ten years, however, it was Dyche, often called "the Jewish Gompers," who steered the union through its formative period. Honest and painfully cautious, no matter how critical the crisis, "Dyche hated to rock even a stranded boat," as Stolberg puts it, but his passion for straight trade unionism and his careful avoidance of political entanglements was probably the best possible policy for keeping all schools inside the union. Dyche saw the ILG through the strikes of 1910, the arbitration of Louis Brandeis and the famous Protocol of Peace, which for the first time recognized the union as a major power in the industry. In 1914 Schlesinger, who had led the left-wing opposition to Dyche, became president and the dominant figure in the union. Schlesinger was a character—a tall, gaunt, tubercular man of great ability, childishly hungry for the spotlight, neurotic and aloof, who alternately charmed and exasperated his colleagues. "His martyred air, his really noble face, his beautiful hands, which he used with eloquence—the whole business gave him a romantic quality, as if he were a Lord Byron among the labor leaders. And this got on their nerves, for they knew that Ben Schlesinger was no more Byronic than they were."

But Schlesinger was supremely able and under his leadership the ILG hit 105,000, the largest membership until the boom days of NRA; wages rose steadily and hours descended to a reasonable 44. Then came post-war deflation, the great open-shop drive for "the American plan" and the communists. The ILG was in for trouble. Of these new threats the worst by all odds was the communists.

For the first two years after the war the Communist International, laying its cards on an imminent "world revolution," set out to destroy all capitalist "institutions," including the dominant unions. It therefore began organizing its own revolutionary labor organizations. But in 1921 it gave this up and charged into the AFL, or rather alternately charged and wormed, instructing its minions to take over at all costs. Of all the more important AFL unions at that time it probably came closer to taking over the ILG than any other.

In the early 20's sympathy for the Russian "brave new world" was very strong among the utopian-minded garment workers, particularly among the young women of Local 22, the big New York local of dressmakers. One of these

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zealous young women was Rose Wortis, now a top trade union specialist in CP councils. But their most effective leaders were Louis Hyman of finishers' Local 9 and Charles ("Sasha") Zimmerman, a fiery young revolutionary from Local 22. Interestingly enough, both men later broke with the Party—Zimmerman in 1929 over the Lovestone affair and Hyman ten years later over the Hitler-Stalin pact—and both are now back in the ILG—, Zimmerman one of its most capable vice-presidents, Hyman once again manager of Local 9.

As the waves of the communist tide beat higher and higher in the ILG, the emotional Schlesinger proved unequal to the job of meeting the threat, and in 1923 he had to give way to Morris Sigman, an honest, simple, vigorous type with one wall eye and "a first-rate second-class mind." By 1925 the comrades had won control of Locals 2, 9 and 22, or the vast majority of the cloak and dressmakers of New York. There is no room here to detail all the attacks and counter-attacks in the famous struggle. Suffice to say that at one point Sigman expelled the communist officials on rather flimsy pretext and was criticized for it by such right-wing leaders as Luigi Antonini and Julius Hochman; that at another point the CP's were reinstated; that they managed to get 40,000 to attend a rally at the Yankee Stadium; and that the convention of 1925 kept the right-wing in power by a vote of 158 to 110, thanks to a none-too-equitable system of representation.

This was the situation when the great and disastrous strike of 1926 broke. "Broke" is the right word—when it was over ILG membership had dropped to 40,000, $3,500,000 had been squandered or stolen and the union was $2,000,000 in debt. It was a communist strike from beginning to end, and when it was over, the communist problem was virtually dead, for the communists had pretty nearly knocked themselves out. The strike, involving 30,000 cloakmakers in New York, lasted nearly seven months and proved to be a classic example of why the Muscovite brethren should never be entrusted with the destinies of an American trade union.

To begin with, the Central Committee of the Communist Party dictated the calling of the strike, even against the advice of their best ILG leaders, with the apparent intention of creating a situation that would give the CP full control of the union. The whole affair was outrageously handled—of the $3,500,000 spent only $1,500,000 went for strike benefits; hundreds of thousands of dollars were never accounted for; and the comrades didn't hesitate to misappropriate $800,000 of the employers' money, deposited with the Joint Board as security for their contracts. In spite of this bungling, a tentative agreement was reached that included a 10 percent raise, 40-hour week and other excellent terms. Again Zimmerman and Hyman were in favor of accepting, *but the terms were rejected by men who neither belonged to the union nor worked in a garment shop, namely, William Z. Foster, Ben Gitlow and William Weinstone, high officials of the Communist Party,* who, according to Stolberg, "were vying with each other for an extreme 'revolutionary' position, then the Comintern line."

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And so the favorable moment died, or was murdered, and the strike ground on to its final disaster. Incidentally, it was during this struggle that the underworld temporarily moved into ILG affairs. To represent them in the picketing contests the employers first hired the Legs Diamond mob, to which the communists countered by employing Little Augie and his boys. Later, when both sides wanted to dismiss their gorillas, the latter refused to withdraw. Someone got in touch with Arnold Rothstein and that eminent personality graciously obliged by calling off both mobs.

The communists had knocked themselves out, and the right wing did not hesitate to jump on them while they were down. Sigman took over the cloakmakers' Joint Board and all the CP locals, assumed their debts, and for a while, as the left wing resisted, there were two unions functioning under the same name. Gradually, however, the right wing won out, and finally in 1929, the Party line having taken another hair-pin turn, the ILG comrades went off and formed their own Needle Trades Workers Industrial Union with Ben Gold's furriers and a few other left-wingers from the millinery and men's clothing industries. The action of the right wing was, of course, completely unconstitutional, however much they have tried to justify it under the pretext of necessity. Stolberg doesn't condemn or defend it, but it seems quite obvious that a correct constitutional line would just as certainly have ended in victory for the right wing. It would also have done a good deal to prove that ILG right-wingers mean a little more than left-wingers when they speak so eloquently of democracy.

In 1935 "the line" doubled back once again, the CP unions were dissolved and the CP's returned to the AFL (or the CIO) and "boring from within." At the recent ILG convention in Boston six out of 900 delegates were communists and their only officers were one business agent in Montreal and one in Los Angeles. In New York they boasted maybe 6,000 members, and a recent issue of the *Daily Worker* reports that in President Dubinsky's own Cutters' Local 10 the executive board suspended seven comrades from all union activity for terms of two to five years. The charge was "slandering officials of the ILG." The communists had had their revenge, however. In

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the spring of 1944 they finally took the American Labor Party away from Dubinsky.

This question of union democracy is an interesting one and one that Stolberg handles with alternate frankness and double-talk. He starts off badly by saying that "the International (ILG) is undoubtedly the most democratic of our large American unions." Probably he doesn't believe that himself, but if so he should certainly be introduced to the United Auto Workers, CIO, to name only one—a union of well over a million members. Stolberg then says with even less accuracy that "of course no modern union could exist without bureaucratic domination . . ." At another point he says, in justifying ILG policy, " a union has every right to forbid the formation of caucuses . . ." Exactly the opposite, of course, is the truth—the right to caucus is one of the most basic of rights in any supposedly democratic organization. The following sentence, however, is the tip-off: "But in the International at least the appearance of democracy is sincerely and scrupulously observed." That is a pretty appalling statement to appear in the more-or-less official biography of any union.

Later, in discussing Dubinsky himself, Stolberg writes, "with his usual common sense Dubinsky has clarified in his own mind what trade union democracy means in function . . . it is a thing of tradition, atmosphere, approximation." "... while the union public cannot be expert, its interest in the basic policies and program of the union can be kept alive. This is Dubinsky's whole conception of democracy. There is one important addition: the roster of leadership must not be closed . . ."

There you have it—no charges need to be made; the defendant pleads guilty before the judge has even entered the court. And the defense: that democracy is really only a question of effective propaganda. In a recent review John Chamberlain pointed out that we might as well junk the word "democracy" as a word applicable to systems of government unless we mean by it a minimum of free elections, two or more parties and a bill of rights. On a reduced scale, this is just as true for unions as for national government, and it might be added that the right to criticize is also fundamental.

A good case could be made for the argument that democracy's most dangerous enemies are its well-meaning, liberal friends—men like David Dubinsky—who in moments of frankness tell you, and in moments of critical action openly reveal, that their concept of democracy is something very special and meaningless—and sinister—such as in the above quotes. It is this type of democrat who, when the test comes, slips so painlessly into some form of totalitarian statism.

It isn't easy to say this about Dubinsky because on the whole his record is so good and the "appearances of democracy" have indeed been so scrupulously observed that both he and the ILG stand in the front rank of American labor. Certainly this short, shrewd, energetic, one-time Russian revolutionary is about as capable as they come. When, after the death of Schlesinger in 1932 Dubinsky became president, the union had 45,000 members, a sizable debt and the dismal prospect of a nice long depression. At national headquarters you were likely as not to find the phone service discontinued and the elevator "out of order" because the power had been shut off.

Fortunately, Roosevelt was in the White House and the New Deal was in Washington handing out new opportunities to American labor. Of these NRA and Section 7a were the first. And opportunity was all that Dubinsky needed. He and his able lieutenants milked opportunity dry—wages and conditions were greatly improved, industrial order conjured out of chaos, members and money poured in once again.

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Today, as noted above, the ILG has 310,000 members and its income for 1943 was $8,300,000. Of this ample sum every cent was accounted for, it being one of the legitimate boasts of the Dubinsky régime that the ILG makes full, regular reports to membership and public on all financial matters. Dubinsky insists on honest, conscientious leadership among all those who are responsible to him, and the union's record on graft is about as good as any in the US, which is saying a lot more than Pegler would ever admit.

In the AFL Dubinsky has always spoken out loudly for vigorous action to stamp out the racketeering that still taints that organization. For this zeal he was very roughly handled by the notorious Joe Fay, of the operating engineers, in a barroom brawl at the New Orleans convention in 1940. It is also to Dubinsky's credit that he was an original member of the CIO and his union one of the most generous contributors to the drive to organize the mass production industries.

The ILG brief honeymoon with the CIO raises another controversial issue. Stolberg says that Dubinsky stuck with the CIO just as long as he believed it still intended to go back into the AFL when it had clearly proved its point. When, however, in 1938 Dubinsky was convinced that John L. Lewis did not want unity on any terms, he pulled the ILG out. In 1940 they returned to the AFL. Stolberg thinks this was a very sound and commendable policy, but then Stolberg is not exactly famous for his love, admiration for or even knowledge of the CIO. There are other opinions. One explanation of the ILG round-trip is suggested in the rumor running about in those

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days that there was a strong school of thought among right-wing Jewish laborites, notably Cahan and the *Forward* group, who believed that Jewish labor should not ally itself with a left-wing outfit like the CIO, which, rightly or wrongly, was associated in the public mind with communism. In any case, it is regrettable that the ILG did not remain with the CIO at least a few years longer. Dubinsky's passion for unity would probably have borne far more fruit inside the CIO than out, especially after the demise of John L.; the extra membership would have put the CIO closer to a bargaining equality with the AFL; and the CIO right wing would have been in a stronger position vis-a-vis the troublesome CP minority. Who knows? The ILG inside the CIO might have made just the difference between unity and continued schism. Inside the AFL, on the other hand, the ILG has carried no noticeable weight either in favor of unity or in opposition to racketeering.

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On the credit side again there is the splendid educational program under the direction of another recently controversial and very able man, Mark Starr. Although dating far back beyond Dubinsky's administration, it came to full flower under the sun of his enthusiasm and should therefore redound to his credit. His communist critics, who since the Ehrlich-Alter affair and the Labor Party fights, have saved their choicest epithets for "D. D.," dismiss the educational work and such-like activity as smart publicity. Most others, however, would accept it as reflecting a faith in the potentialities and importance of the individual worker which hardly seems to square with Dubinsky's private philosophy.

In a curious passage that mirrors more than anything else his own prejudices, Stolberg criticizes Dubinsky for not being more like the AFL-Republican Matthew Woll in the latter's fear and distrust of Roosevelt and the New Deal. This passage leads to the following last-word on the ILG's current president: "For all his social intelligence, Dubinsky lacks that final touch which would lift his high-minded opportunism to the level of statesmanship."

"High-minded opportunism." Hmmm. Human nature being the tricky, contradictory thing it is, one can believe without a struggle that it is possible to be a "high-minded opportunist." Probably David Dubinsky is just such an animal. And it is even quite possible that if the test did come he would hold out longer and more bravely against totalitarianism than many of us who claim a far sounder faith. But as long as words have meaning, it is impossible to admit the existence of "high-minded opportunism." Opportunism is by definition low-minded. And any marriage of convenience between the two qualities is doomed to end in the eventual death, slow or rapid, of either one or the other. And the chances are it is not going to be opportunism.

You will probably disagree with many things in Benjamin Stolberg's "Tailor's Progress." The book is valuable, however, because it has caught the full rich flavor—the passion and humor and intellectual intensity—of an important segment of the Jewish labor movement, a movement in turn which has contributed a great deal to the social drama of America, one of the greatest shows on earth.

For Certain Members of the Congress of the United States

Oh mighty ones, your memories are short;
The terror, the alarm-bell in the night,
No longer feared, your tongues are quick with words
Of fret for holy freedom's menaced right.

More ware than wise, more glib more bold than true,
Quiet your clamor; do not be afraid;
The people yet will keep, in spite of you,
The public trust that you have made a trade.

Our young men die along the littered beach
That earth's unfriended victims may attain
A share of peace; for this a bomber burns,
A blasted tank smokes, deathfull, in the rain,

A freighter flares on fire like the sun
Sudden in night; the sleepless convoys crawl
Wearily over earth's oceans, east and west;
For this, in foundry shops the hammers fall,

And on the lathes the never-ceasing hands
Make tools for death; on each man's conscience rests
The lingering, agonied end of them that starve,
The unborn's cry, the wrung and empty breasts.

These are rich dead, rare labors, and not you
Nor any like you may deny them right;
The farmer's boy, dead nobly for the Lord,
The city waif, transfigured in this fight.

You shall not of the labors of the dead
Make wanton waste, as twenty years ago
Your elder brethren swept an earlier host
Of youth to death, and then betrayed them so.

Although the lifeless lips can make no cry,
You shall not so, or may your own child's son,
Caught on far wire, plummeting to earth,
Die uselessly through you, as these have done.

J. G. E. Hopkins.

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Communications

ANTI-SEMITISM

West Nyack, N. Y.

TO the Editors: To combat anti-Semitism, I am preparing a pamphlet which will deal with the common variety found among people who are not consciously following the fascist line. Readers of THE COMMONWEAL could help significantly by submitting from personal experience examples of either (a) anti-Semitic remarks or actions observed in their neighborhood, or (b) any effective steps, no matter how small, taken by themselves or others to counter this subtle form of anti-Semitism. Direct quotations are desirable; contributors will not be identified by name. My address is 8 West 40 Street, New York 18.

ALEXANDER L. CROSBY.

HENRY A. WALLACE

La Grange, Ills.

TO the Editors: I am so much in agreement with you about the greatness of Henry Wallace that I hesitate to complain about the superficial treatment you gave of his defeat in your editorial of August 11. It is so seldom that THE COMMONWEAL fails to go to bed-rock in discussing political issues that this slip could be passed over were it not that you raised a religious issue that calls for more than passing notice. You place most of the blame for the defeat of Mr. Wallace on certain Catholic political bosses. Let us see how much truth there is in that charge. For brevity sake I will state the case of Mr. Kelly, perhaps the leader of these bosses at the convention.

Mr. Kelly is so great a champion of the President and the New Deal that many wise political observers give him credit for the election of FDR in 1940. There would be no vestige of the New Deal or any liberalism left in Washington at this moment were it not for congressmen such as Mr. Kelly's machine keeps in Washington. I say this although I believe that the greatest failure of big city bosses is their inability to keep improving the type of men sent to congress and the senate. Mr. Kelly's patriotism is so far above many of his critics that Catholics of the Middle West are justly very proud of him on that score. Why then did he oppose Henry Wallace? He says he did it to insure the election of FDR. Evidently the President also was convinced that Mr. Wallace had to be sacrificed, or he would have demanded his nomination again. Did the President consent to sacrifice Mr. Wallace just to please vicious political bosses? The political partisans and the superficialist say yes. The facts belie them. Mr. Wallace's weakness as a candidate was due to the groups who were the loudest in demanding his nomination; groups that are now using the big city boss issue as a smoke screen to cover their own ingratitude towards the New Deal and Mr. Wallace. Let me make my point by asking this question about two of those blocs. Have the farmer and the Negro sold the New Deal down the river to Southern reactionaries since 1940, or was it Kelly and Co. who did it? Just compare the type of men Kelly sent to Washington the last four years with the type the farmer and Negro helped to elect and you will see. The big city bosses are often bad, but one wonders if they are half as bad as the holier-than-thou voter who rarely votes for the common good and eases his conscience by blaming some "fall-guy" for his mistakes.

C. V. H.

THE UNSCORED SYMPHONY

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editors: I wish to thank J. Walter Coleman (Communications, July 21) for pointing out that my (memory) slip shows in "The Unscored Symphony" (July 7). "The Perfect Tribute" is, of course, by Mary Shipman Andrews (not Ida Tarbell), and Edward Everett (not Edward Everett Hale) delivered the two-hour address. At least, so it was the last time I looked, which was about twenty-five years ago. The gremlins have been at work since then.

But my "one hundred thousand original auditors" at Gettysburg was intended in Woollcott's vein of gentle jeering, not seriously. And I do not so much "revive" the "scrap of paper" story as advert to it, unfavorably, though the circumstance that it was on White House stationery would hardly be conclusive in itself. Incidentally, my "dutiful gesture" was one of *"seemliness and propriety."*

The "strong evidence that the idea grew in Lincoln's mind between July and November of 1863" must apply only to the phrasing, for the political thought is to be found amplified in the "house divided against itself" speech of 1858. 1863 would have been a rather late date for Lincoln to be declaring his war aims. Reiterating or clarifying, perhaps, but hardly declaring. There is little evidence that his political mind changed on any important issue after 1858.

The "for/by/of the people" was first used by Theodore Parker in 1850, who inserted "all." But that's hardly *ad rem.*

REV. LOUIS F. DOYLE, S.J.

The Screen

Vivid Escape

WHEN YOU'RE going in for escape, as I always say to Mrs. Q, you may as well go the whole hog. Now there are being released two new escapist films that really go the entire way. As productions they have little in common except both are costume pieces in technicolor and neither has any relation to reality.

For color, sets and costumes, *"Kismet"* is about as beautiful as anything you'd expect to see in the movies for a long time. Its lush decor, in modified modern-Arabian, fits the story perfectly; and it uses color not just to make pretty pictures, but as color should be used—to create a mood and to vivify the theme. Since I did not see Otis Skinner in the original stage production of the

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play by Edward Knoblock, or in either of the two movie versions, my enthusiasm for "Kismet" is based entirely on this 1944 rendition of the comedy-melodrama. Ronald Colman, in the Skinner rôle of Hafiz, the King of Beggars, is cunning, fatherly and romantically roguish. He philosophizes, cheats, ogles the girls and even bounces around in the old Douglas Fairbanks manner. But with all his verve, bag of tricks, romantic interludes, he plays his own age as you realize frequently throughout the unfolding of the story and whenever he removes his turban and exposes the gray hair atop his well-shaped head. For, in spite of his middle-aged interest in women, Hafiz is a father, and the apple of his eye is his daughter (played by the lovely Joy Ann Page). Hafiz's mistake is in protecting this daughter behind a high wall—but then all this takes place a long, long time ago in story-book Arabia. When a gardener's son (who is really the caliph in disguise and looks wonderful in the gorgeous costumes worn by that handsome hulk, James Craig) climbs the wall and falls in love with the beautiful daughter, Hafiz goes into a rage. So he dons a disguise as the "Prince of Hassir," a masquerade that he has found useful in amorous pursuits, (Hassir is one of the figments of his vivid imagination), and makes a deal with the Grand Vizier (a very wicked character, played like a pompous and evil politician by Edward Arnold). Now this is where Marlene Dietrich, in exotic dress, exaggerated make-up and unusual hues, fits into the story. She is queen of the Grand Vizier's household (this collection of dames is never called a harem in the film). Hafiz agrees that if the vizier will make his daughter the queen of the castle, Hafiz will kill the caliph, not knowing of course that this caliph of all Arabia is also the gardener's son, the very dream prince his daughter loves. All this works out just as it should in a fantastic fable, but not before the movie has full opportunity to justify itself with pageantry and scenes befitting a colorful extravaganza. These include some magnificent spectacles and a couple of dancing sequences; one, in particular, in the vizier's palace, is staged as an entertainment for the "Prince of Hassir," and it is indeed no incidental dance item. After the chorus go through their Oriental paces, Evelyne and Beatrice Kraft dance their version which has just a touch of satire on what went before and on the following *pièce de résistance* in which Dietrich, in a bizarre and diaphanous get-up, and with her famous gams gilded, does a number that is supposed to slay all present. It impresses Hafiz so much that in the finale when he has been exiled, he is not too unhappy at his fate because this dancing queen will accompany him. William Dieterle, who directed John Meehan's screenplay, has done his job exceedingly well. The humorous scenes never slide into modern slapstick, and the melodrama and romance are handled with a light touch that keeps them from running away with the once-upon-a-time atmosphere that pervades Everett Riskin's production. Perhaps it isn't entirely fair to dismiss "Kismet" as escapism, for the story points out how wrong it is of Hafiz to work in league with the bad vizier, a man whom the good caliph is condemning for over-taxing the people. If any moral is intended here, however, the film does not emphasize it with the same punch that puts over the elaborate imagery.

Even as an item in escape, it is rather difficult to take *"Gypsy Wildcat"* seriously. But then no one is asking us to take it seriously. It was designed primarily to please the Maria Montez—Jon Hall fans, whose number has grown considerably since this team's first appearance in a long series of money-making, technicolored romantic melodramas. Like the others in the series, "Gipsy Wildcat" tells a fabulous story that is more a vehicle for the Montez—Hall combination than a well planned scenario. This one, put together by at least six writers, resembles the plot of an Italian opera and is really no worse than some of the silly concoctions which Verdi set to music. It has its band of gypsies whose chief is a serio-comic character (Leo Carrillo) and whose main attraction is a beautiful and tempestuous dancer (Maria Montez). It has its villainous baron who throws the whole gypsy band into his castle dungeon when Count Orso is found murdered. And it has a big, handsome hero (Jon Hall) who later discovers that the arrow in the murdered count bears the baron's coat of arms. When the gypsies befriend Jon, Maria falls in love with him. This makes the gypsy chief's son (Peter Coe) jealous. He proves very ungypsy later, however, and plays his violin while Maria and Jon do a love scene in a glen. This pretty tableau is broken up when the baron's soldiers appear. Maria is captured and taken to the baron who discovers through a pendant on her heaving bosom that she is the long-lost daughter of the count and the rightful owner of the castle and estate. So the baron prepares to marry her. Then there's a long chase across the plains and finally a bloody battle. The baron and the violin-playing chief's son are killed, and Maria and Jon fall into each other's arms. Some audiences somewhere are going to eat this up—why, I don't quite know, but they will. The out-of-this-world story is properly decorated with bright colored costumes, snappy uniforms and armor belonging to any and no particular period. There's also a *papier maché* castle, and some stunning (real) scenery that looks pretty swell in technicolor. And there are extravagant gypsy dances that slow up the plot. Roy William Neill directed all this with just a bit of tongue in cheek. The members of the cast don't take themselves seriously either.—But you'll see; when the box-office figures come out, "Gypsy Wildcat" will be on the upper-bracket list.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

NIKOLAI GOGOL. *Vladimir Nabokof. "Makers of Modern Literature Series." New Directions.* $1.50.

WE STOOD ALONE. *Dorothy Adams. Longmans.* $3.00.

Gogol

"'A DROWNING man, it is said, will catch at the smallest chip of wood because at the moment he has not the presence of mind to reflect that hardly even a fly could hope to ride astride that chip, whereas he weighs almost a hundred and fifty pounds if not a good two hundred.'"

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"Who is that unfortunate bather, steadily and uncannily growing, adding weight, fattening himself on the marrow of a metaphor? We never shall know—but he almost managed to gain a footing."

Thus Vladimir Nabokof comments on a sentence of Gogol's. He has pursued what he names the "peripheral characters" through "The Government Inspector" and through "Dead Souls," finding countless live creatures who suddenly appear in the play and in the novel but who never reappear; they belong to Gogol's dream world and in that work they have the same density as that of the permanent characters in his work. The characters in the play keep talking about people who are real to them and to Gogol but who are not in the play yet whose brief apparitions give to the characters in the play a living and rich background of previous experience and memories. Sometimes those "peripheral characters in the novel are engendered by the subordinate clauses of its various metaphors, comparisons and lyrical outbursts." Here Nabokof sees in Gogol a precursor of Joyce.

He does not see him as the Russian Dickens or as a Russian realist—or as a realist at all—and indeed he studies him not as a Russian but as a writer. Nabokof's short and brilliant book is therefore of greatest interest to those who enjoy knowing what makes a play or a novel a great play or a great novel. This is a book for technicians written by a very able novelist and poet, the author of "The Real Life of Sebastian Knight"—which is an exceedingly good novel. And so Gogol is not taken to pieces in any academic manner, and it is interesting and an excellent thing to find out, through this book, that the most technical aspects of writing can be treated with wit. Handled by Nabokof the adventures of a metaphor are as exciting as any adventures anywhere.

But of course the metaphors, the peripheral characters, the plays, the stories and the novel are Gogol's, not Nabokof's. And so Nabokof, through his literary criticism, reaches Gogol the man. And there you have one of those Russian lives which have made Russia's international reputation for soul, renunciation and complexity. Gogol escaped from Russia and was haunted by Russia—by his own conception of Russia. Gogol entirely preoccupied with his own world of images and characters produced a world—through his writing—which was imitated by living and real Russians. Creating his characters, he found that he had created Russians whom other Russians then decided must be liberated. By this he was much confused. And then, finally, like Tolstoy, he decided that this work of the imagination, which had become real, must be related by its creator to the moral and religious values with which it seemed in conflict. For years he attempted to correct, *post facto,* the characters, even the peripheral characters, of "Dead Souls"; he failed . . . he burned his manuscripts. One does not know whether the attempt was impossible in itself or whether the creative powers of the creator were too greatly diminished before the attempt was made. There is the case of Racine too. So that the problem is not entirely a Russian problem. Of course not. It is the central problem for any artist who creates and then is brought to consider the ordered creation of the world.

Nabokof is not very considerate of poor Gogol's efforts when confronted by this problem; he doubts one of its terms—the depth and importance of Gogol's conversion. But that does not matter; it is a personal question; the interest—an enduring one—lies in the problem itself, regardless of persons.

Polish Memoir

THE OPENING pages of any book in these days of political-mindedness can all too easily put a reader off. That is the danger with Dorothy Adams's "We Stood Alone." For on the very second page we read concerning the Treaty of Riga (1921): "Though the Russians had fled out of old Poland, foreign pressure had forced the Poles to make a treaty favorable to Russia, which ran the new frontier through the center of the eastern provinces of old Poland." It would be natural enough to snap the book closed right off, and dismiss the whole volume as another inept bit of Polish propaganda. That would be a mistake. The thing to do is to take a deep breath and plunge on. Whatever one may think of the author's occasional political comments—aside from the fact that they reflect the opinions widely held among Poland's upper classes—they should not be allowed to spoil an engaging account of an American woman's introduction to that tragic land.

Her story has a highly romantic aspect at the beginning, for she wants to avoid falling in love with a Pole at all hazards; she is supposed to be getting up an impartial report on the Polish-German Silesian boundary question. She not only succumbs in a very few days to the charms of Jan Kostanecki, but falls hook, line and sinker for the Polish claims on the Silesian and every other question.

One of the most charming aspects of the book deals with the many youthful experiences Jan and Dorothy discovered that they had in common—although Dorothy had been brought up in Back Bay and Jan in Cracow, Galicia (Austrian Poland). As a result their tastes and interests under the influence of their breathless mutual attraction manifested a remarkable harmony. Who would think to align Cracow with Back Bay?

Although right after the last war poverty in Poland affected every social stratum, it was not long before the nobility and the new business leaders began doing very well. Surely the circles in which the author traveled had an abundance of servants, good wines and good food. Polish hospitality was lavish and her friends apparently had the wherewithal. Dorothy Adams protests that American journalists have been all too ready without adequate investigation to rush to the conclusion that poverty was rampant throughout Poland. When she encounters it, it depresses her, and she tends to hurry on and to dismiss the problem. Yet, in the city of Cracow alone she describes how it was necessary to maintain fifteen food kitchens for the needy with each kitchen serving 1,000 people a day. The manner in which her father-in-law, after impelling the station crowds to give way by his very presence drove through the narrow streets of Cracow in a taxi at breakneck speed, scattering pedestrians right and left, is an indication of an attitude that from all accounts was all too prevalent in Poland.

In fairness it must be said that there was the leaven, too. Dorothy's saintly mother-in-law, a daily communicant, who, to the objections rather than encouragement of her family, devoted every day to working in the Cracow food kitchens and kept it up for twenty years. Even in her old age she went about by street car in order to have more at her disposal for this work. And even more extraordinary was the group of laymen and laywomen, all in their twenties and thirties, who had given up wealth, position and everything to spend their lives ministering to the deaf, the blind and the crippled at the Piaski Asylum

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near Warsaw—teaching them at the workshops and on the dairy farm to become as far as possible self-supporting.

Dorothy Adams has told her story well. It is much more intimate than is indicated in this review. Personally, and for the nation she came to know and love, it is a tragic story. It indicates some of the precious human values which will be at stake in the rebuilding of a war-torn world.

More Books of the Week

Stories by Erskine Caldwell. Duell. $2.50.

DR. HENRY SEIDEL CANBY has selected twenty-four "representative" stories of Erskine Caldwell's for this collection, and has written an introduction in which he rates Mr. Caldwell as one of the great American short story writers. The end result is at least as revealing about Dr. Canby as it is about Mr. Caldwell's place in American writing. The word "representative" is well chosen, for some of the stories are quite good and others quite bad. Apparently Mr. Caldwell was well on his way to being a major writer of the short story when somebody up and told him he was a humorist. The four stories in Part Two of the book are about as flat an attempt at being funny as any competent writer has published in a long time. The Stroup family and their Negro servant, Handsome Brown, were apparently conceived and written with the idea that they might prove to be a kind of Southern "Life With Father" with, for all Mr. Caldwell might know, the makings of another "Tobacco Road." It is difficult to transmit in a review the degree of flatness these stories possess. At the end of one of them, some ladies coming to Mrs. Strout's house for some sort of meeting cannot get into the house because Mrs. Strout has fainted in embarrassment over Handsome Brown's failure to get some goats off her roof. The story ends with this sentence, which is a fair sample of the prose: "They kept looking back over their shoulders at the goats on the roof and laughing loud enough to be heard all over our part of town." The ladies may doubtless have laughed, but the reader does not; he feels only a sense of blank bewilderment that a serious and competent writer could have expected such a story to be considered funny, to be considered anything. Yet Dr. Canby feels that these four stories help to make Caldwell "Mark Twain's spiritual heir."

If we except these four stories, we can consider Mr. Caldwell as an often highly competent short story writer, with at least two stories deserving to rank with the best of our time. These two are "The People *vs.* Abe Lathan, Colored" and "The End of Christy Tucker." In these two stories Mr. Caldwell has given us with great exactitude the relationship between the Negro and the sullen, vicious and frustrated middle-class whites of the deep South.

Other stories of his dealing with lynchings and violence do not have the sense of reality these two possess. We know that possibly once an enterprising druggist—as in "Saturday Afternoon"—did send his son out to sell Coca-Colas at a lynching, but the reader's own instincts tell him that not often, even in the South, would a lynching be dealt with quite so off-handedly. Other stories of Mr. Caldwell's own help us to realize how lacking in universality this particular story is. In it, as in others, Mr. Caldwell sacrifices this quality for the sake of effect by choosing some very special situation or incident to create that effect. So that the reader often feels the author is being merely clever about something that requires not cleverness but validity of the highest order.

While almost all his Southern stories are accurate to some degree, Mr. Caldwell is less successful with his stories of New Englanders. The mean streak in the New England character is something a good deal more subtle, if also less terrible, than the obvious frustration and bad conscience which lead Southern whites to make the Negro their whipping boy. And in stories like "Country Full of Swedes" as well as in "Big Buck" Mr. Caldwell seems to have trouble making up his mind whether he is writing straight or writing tall tales.

There is, too, a carelessness with detail that is disturbing. If the maple tree the Swedish child climbs is slight enough to bend dangerously under his weight, how is it possible for the woodsman to chop "chips as big as dinner plates" out of it? The story, as Dr. Canby assiduously points out, is a kind of allegory of the vital over-running the unvital, but Mr. Caldwell labors the point. And in "Martha Jean" it is difficult to understand how the couple of cheap sports could have been at a floating dice game before going to Nick's joint, where one of them owes six dollars. Floating dice games are usually played for moderately large stakes, by their very nature. Yet Hal has owed his miserable six dollars for some time. And Hal, telling the story, doesn't seem too anguished at the beating Nick gives him when he tries to interfere with a rape. If we take this incident along with Hal's looking through the door and not even thinking to call the police, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that there is a strain of masochism in the story of which Mr. Caldwell is perhaps not aware.

The wantonness of the young wife in "August Afternoon" finds Mr. Caldwell in a vein long familiar to his readers. There can be no doubt that, as with James T. Farrell, Mr. Caldwell writes about such things with relish. Of Mr. Caldwell's sluts, Dr. Canby says: "The women (after youth) still keep up the reprobation that makes amorousness an adventure, but in general this sex experience comes from a primitive instinct which seldom rises to love, and is respected even by husbands and fathers whom it injures." Since this last is not particularly proven by anything in my own admittedly limited Caldwell readings it is possible Dr. Canby was thinking of something else, perhaps the literary fast set.

Finally, for a man who is supposed to have played professional football, Mr. Caldwell, like most American writers, handles action very badly. Compare "He pulled the trigger at Candy-Man and Candy-Man fell down" and "I tried to meet him with my fists, but he jumped up into the air and came down on top of me" and "Jeanie stepped closer to Bony. A moment later, she had pushed with all her strength, and he went tumbling backward" with Hemingway's: "When he started to kill it was all in the same rush. The bull looking at him straight in front, hating. He drew out the sword from the folds of the muleta and sighted with the same movement and called to the bull, Toro! Toro! and the bull charged and Villalta charged and just for a moment they became one. Villalta become one with the bull and then it was over. Villalta standing straight and the red hilt of the sword sticking out dully between the bull's shoulders. Villalta, his hand up at the crowd and the bull roaring blood, looking straight at Villalta and his legs caving."

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Such comparisons may be odious, but Dr. Canby invites them by rating Caldwell better than any other American short story writer except William Faulkner and Sarah Orne Jewett. For Mr. Caldwell's own sake, I hope he does not take Dr. Canby too seriously. Mr. Caldwell, despite his failings, is a man of sensitivity and of insight, and it should be no trouble for him to realize what being chief pitch-man for the Book of the Month Club would do to anyone's taste after a while.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

The Hollywood Hallucination. Parker Tyler. Creative Age Press. $2.00.

IT IS unfortunate that Parker Tyler's interest in writing is not as great as his interest in movie-going and his desire to remake Hollywood according to his specifications. Many times in this original book of motion picture criticism does its author make observations that merit consideration and repetition for their soundness and understanding. But Mr. Tyler's method of writing is so obtuse, and he is so personally in love with the sound of his own words, that it frequently becomes impossible to follow the line of his reasoning. This line is further obscured by his surrealistic interpretation of films, an interpretation that has the same fascination as surrealistic painting and requires as much delving into meaning (at the bottom of which one usually finds sex). Mr. Tyler analizes movies while Freud watches over his shoulder.

Obviously, "The Hollywood Hallucination" is not to be recommended to everyone, certainly not to the large public known as film fans or even to the average once-a-week movie goer. But for the student of cinema and its severest critics, the book has much to offer—particularly for the reader who is willing to search and select. Mr. Tyler seems to consider Hollywood as an ogre set on corrupting its customers most of whom accept what it turns out without question. He rightfully points out that one of Hollywood's foremost mistakes is its own bigness, out of which grow its delusions of grandeur, its actors' lack of subordination to character and story, its inability to stop showing off. Among the many films scrutinized are "Of Mice and Men" (which gets absurdly involved in the George-Lennie relationship), "Citizen Kane" (one of Tyler's pet peeves), "The Maltese Falcon" (with a fascinating explanation of Spade), "King's Row" (under the heading: "The Poetry Cure for the Castration Complex"), "The Dictator" (an excellent study of Chaplin and Hitler), "Suspicion" (with a fantastic interpretation of the characters and story). While these analyses are frequently interesting and always provocative, they are not always truly scientific. Too often their author forces the facts to suit his theory and meet his definitions.

Perhaps the most original of Parker Tyler's contributions to cinema criticism are to be found in his lengthy chapters. "The Technicolor of Love" includes discussion of the single instance, the ambiguity through the fade-out regarding whether the act of fornication did or did not take place, and a researching study of "Gone With the Wind" with emphasis on the sex implications of voice and clothes. (He finds Scarlett the screen's typical heroine and a symbol of Hollywood.) "The Somnambules," treating with various types of heroines' susceptibility to seduction, winds up with the author's likening Mae West to a female impersonator. "The Good Villain and the Bad Hero" tears apart the movies' representation of males, particularly the more violent ones. "The Hollywood gangster hero has often been a bad man sugared with the sanctity of vulgar sentimentality."

It is only natural that a book of this kind would be personal. Parker Tyler tells much, very much about himself. He is frank; and it is interesting to note that he, who frequently lapses from good taste, would so often call attention to Hollywood's tastelessness. Mr. Tyler is dogmatic in his opinions and he drags in extraneous subjects to air his views. He goes completely berserk in theology in the "John Doe" chapter: "In practice, of course, the Catholic Church was created by the priest caste purely as a political weapon against the State. . . ." Notice particularly the "of course," a phrase Mr. Tyler uses whenever he's laying down the law—his law. But when this critic sticks to movies (I'm surprised that anyone so cynical could write about Hollywood in the first place) he is frequently worth listening to.

In her introduction to the book, Miss Iris Barry praises this "foray into a tenebrous and unexplored country." She especially admires the author's approach which is "symptomatic of the way a whole generation is thinking—a generation to whom Freud and Marx are no longer fearsome bogeys but as commonplace and historic as Galileo or Cromwell or their own grandmothers." I wish, if Mr. Tyler's work is so important, he would have written it in more readable style. Perhaps like "Finnegans Wake" it needs a key.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

How to End the German Menace. By Five Hollanders. Querido. $1.25.

THIS SMALL BOOKLET has its special importance, for it comes from a quarter most concerned with the problem of "what to do with Germany": one of Germany's victims. So far most of the books on that question seem to deal with it either from the standpoint of Germany or of the "big three." The claims of the smaller European nations are usually restricted to the questions of punishment and justice and are all too easily confounded with vengeance. Yet their voice is far more important for the problems of reconstruction. No solution for Germany is valuable unless it gives to those most concerned the feeling of security they are entitled to—even if it should meet the wishes of the German people and the "big three," or some of them. And no solution for Europe is valuable if it creates a vacuum (rather than the much-threatened chaos) at its very heart—even if it is done by measures extremely gratifying to either justice or vengeance. Thus the interests of a future Germany and Germany's present victims really coincide. To try to find workable solutions is certainly worth while.

What these representatives of a victim of ruthless suppression suggest therefore merits special interest, yet it would be desirable to know to what precise extent their views represent the ones of their government. They don't see any help at all in a German revolution, nor do they believe the democratic forces in Germany either honest or strong enough to be a guarantee against further aggression. Furthermore, representatives of a country under German occupation can hardly be expected to put too much faith in the distinction between nazis and Germans or "good" and "bad" Germans. Yet they see a solution in about the same (although not exactly the same) direction as Mr. Sumner Welles. They suggest a partition of Germany into three (or four) different sovereign states. Special stress is put upon the point that each of these

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should collaborate economically more closely with an adjoining regional unit than with each other. What is important are not the details of such a plan (which the authors themselves admit to be open to further discussion), but the principle of collaboration and of a political rather than an educational, economic or, even less, a biological solution, or occupation and annexation.

It is a pity that the state of mind of the German anti-nazi emigration in this country excludes even the discussion of such a proposal in civil and reasonable terms, for doubtless there are possibilities in this direction not to be overlooked. In one point the Dutch plan sounds more convincing than Sumner Welles. Instead of mechanically dividing the Rhineland and attaching the part left of the Rhine river to South Germany, our authors recognize the fact that this part of Germany (plus Westphalia) really forms a very homogeneous economic and cultural, although not historical, unit. It has particularly close economic ties to Belgium and Holland, its natural ports being Antwerp and Rotterdam and not Hamburg. It is closer in cultural life and juridical and social tradition to the West in general than any other part of Germany. It is only natural that Dutchmen should have special interest in and more intimate knowledge about Western Germany than anybody else. Their suggestions are certainly of special interest in connection with Marshal Smuts's views of England's future "glacis" in Europe, and in comparison to any plan to have this part of Germany annexed by France. An advantage of the book is its readiness to consider existing centrifugal tendencies, although it still suffers from the same weakness as Sumner Welles's: failure to stress enough the chances of a voluntary process as opposed to enforced dismemberment. It has to be either one or the other.

KLAUS DOHRN.

The Jew in Our Day. Waldo Frank. Duell. $2.50.

THERE IS something a little indecent—if that's the proper word—about a Gentile's reviewing this provocative series of casual, but related, essays on the American Jew. It's as though a man were to listen in on a family quarrel in the next apartment and then come over, on his own invitation, ot embarrass his neighbors by offering to serve as an arbitrator. Better by far were he to look to his own soul and trust to the sacrament of time to heal the family's differences.

Which is to say that Waldo Frank has entered a serious indictment of his fellow-Jews in the United States, and in all of the democracies, which presumably cannot but lead to a family quarrel. May it be a friendly argument which will issue in ever more intimate and more fruitful charity. It is, in any event, a dispute which only the Jews themselves can peacefully resolve in the seclusion of their own synagogues and of their own hearts, the while you and I, as Gentiles, turn away in sincere humility and look to the beam in our own eye.

Mr. Frank's repeated indictment of his people had best be recorded in his own words to avoid the suspicion of anti-Semitism which somehow might cling to even the most accurate and most sympathetic paraphrase: "The bitter truth is . . . that the majority of 'modern' Jews, doing lip-service to democracy or actively devoted to the cause of social reconstruction, have borrowed the shallow eighteenth-century secular psychology, the essential atheism of the middle classes, so that their action not only

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exiles them from the truth of Israel, but dooms their efforts to the perversion and impotence of the common liberal and socialist dogmas."

There are the "inertial" Jews, who are Jews merely because they were born Jews—because, as it were, they cannot help being Jews. And, to Frank, the "inertial" Jew is the most dangerous enemy of his people, more dangerous, by far, than the most degenerate anti-Semite. Indeed, the crucial danger, says Frank, is that the Jews, while weeping and gnashing their teeth about the anti-Semitism of Gentiles, will continue to be anti-Semitic themselves. "Even as fascism," he says, "has had its successes because the fascist spirit was in the democracies, anti-Semitism can succeed only insofar as the Jews themselves, by imitating the weakness and dualism of their brothers, nourish it. The anti-Semitism of the *inertial* Jew, of the coward Jew, of the assimilated and appeaser Jew: here is the true evil. And in America it is widespread!"

The "inertial" Jew wants to lose himself in the stream of American living, presumably, among other reasons, to avoid persecution. Alas, argues Mr. Frank, he has succeeded only too well: "His adjustment to the conditions of actual life has been too perfect to let him know that these are the conditions of a blinding, gradual death. . . . There is no valid distance between the Jewish community in America and America as a whole, and this—this lack of distance—is at the root of the disharmony of the American Jews within their own communal life, within themselves and within their beloved country."

The nazis were right, therefore. The Jew *is* different. There *is* a Jewish "conspiracy"—not the conspiracy of the Protocols, to be sure, but "the covenant of Abraham with God which suffuses all Israel's ages . . ."

The American Jew, says Frank, must be willing and eager to be different; he must hasten to join in the great "conspiracy" and to show forth to the world the peculiar Jewish genius, which is essentially a religious genius—"the approximate *incorporation* of the wisdom of their seers into every-day existence. Far more than other peoples, they have made the spirit of their great men into the body of their common conduct."

Mr. Frank's solution of the "Jewish problem" is, by his own admission, rather vague. The Jew, to be sure, must disassociate himself from the corrupt bourgeois class and must align himself, at whatever personal cost, with the forces of social justice. But what else must he do? The answer shades off into generalities. Perhaps Mr. Frank is satisfied to have issued a challenge. That much he has done, with an urbanity of style which, in a lesser man, might easily have petered out into mere affectation. Only his fellow Jews are qualified to pass judgment on the merits of his case. Even Reinhold Niebuhr's sympathetic preface—which argues that Mr. Frank is too hard on his fellows—cannot help the Jew very much to solve his problems. This he must do for himself.

GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

Approaches to World Peace. Edited by Lyman Bryson, Louis Finkelstein and Robert M. MacIver. Harper. $5.00.

THE PAPERS of the fourth symposium, held at Columbia University a year ago, of the Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion in Their Relation to the Democratic Way of Life. They deal with the relationship to peace of such factors as the social sciences, art, education, philosophy, religion, etc.

The Inner Forum

Volunteers for Exile

IN THE SPRING of 1896, four Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul went up the Mississippi on the steamboat *Paul Tulane* to care for a ramshackle colony of lepers. Today it is our national leprosarium, run by the United States Public Health Service. Doctors are assigned by the Public Health Service to care for the patients. Sisters of Charity are the nurses. Stenographers, clerks, gardeners, laboratory technicians, cooks, engineers and other employees necessary to maintaining an institution are employed by the government. Nearly 400 lepers now live there.

All employees are as free to come and go as they would be working for an orphans' home. For leprosy is only a feebly contagious disease. Popular imagination became inflamed centuries ago against it, and the inflammation has never gone down. Leprologists now say that you have to be exposed over a long period of time to leprosy in order to contract it and you must have been exposed to a person with open sores. Many visitors come to the leprosarium in the course of a year to see their friends on the staff or their friends among the patients.

In 1894, the Louisiana Legislature created a Board of Control to provide for the State's lepers, who skulked around in unenviable freedom or were consigned to the New Orleans pest house. A five-year lease was taken on Indian Camp Plantation, about 75 miles above New Orleans. The place had been deserted for 30 years, but the old slave cabins and the plantation house were still standing. To keep owners of neighboring plantations from blocking the plan to use the property for a leper colony, the rumor was circulated that the old plantation was to be turned into an ostrich farm.

Suddenly all lepers vanished from their usual haunts. Someone else had started the rumor that they were to be taken to a remote island and abandoned. But eventually their friend, Dr. Isadore Dyer, and a few others who had their confidence persuaded them that a genuine colony was to be founded and gathered a small band together. They traveled up the river on a coal barge towed by a tug, for no railroad nor steamboat nor other common carrier would take them.

When the ostrich farm turned out to be a leper colony, a great to-do arose among the neighboring plantations. Some men threatened to take shotguns and go after the intruders. Virtuous women looked at their children, who were unblemished by grace of God, and grew hard. People informed each other with a great show of authority that the contagion could be carried by flies or mosquitoes or could ride the wind.

The Board of Control and the lepers sat out the storm, the one in New Orleans, the other in desolation on the plantation. The patients languished. Skulking the streets of New Orleans was better than being stranded on this neck of land with nothing to do but watch the sluggish Mississippi flow by.

Dr. Dyer went to his friends the Sisters of Charity at Charity Hospital in New Orleans. The patients needed nursing care and domestic comforts. Of those who volun-

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teered to go up the river, four were chosen—Sister Beatrice, Sister Mary Thomas Stokum, Sister Annie Costello and Sister Cyril Coupe.

Many people came down to the waterfront to see them off. Laborers along the dock knocked off work to take a look at these women going to live with a disease which the world held in horror. A delegation of men arrived and went on board to wish the nuns godspeed. A reporter pushed his way through the crowd on his unceasing quest for human interest to ask if they didn't hesitate now that the time had actually arrived to leave. The spectators felt a curious quickening within them.

After 18 hours, the nuns beheld their new home—a marshy land and dilapidated cabins. The lepers watched the arrival of the boat, huddled in little groups. One of the Sisters' first jobs was to clean out a basement room and turn it into a chapel, with a box for an altar and muslin tacked up on the walls.

The Louisiana Leper Home had a hard childhood. The State had only leased the ground and refused to appropriate money for repairs or improvements. Sanitation was primitive. In time of drought, the wells went dry and water had to be brought from the Mississippi in barrels. The cabins were heated by small fireplaces, and many of the patients suffered burns from huddling too close to the blaze. Each Sister kept a small hand lantern ready by her bed as it was often necessary to cross the marshy ground at night to visit the cabin of some sick person.

Sister Beatrice, the leader of the nuns, died in 1901. She was the first of the original band to go. Repeated bouts with malaria had worn her out, and that year she failed visibly. One of other other nuns left a record telling how they protested when she went on a sick call a few nights before her death. But Sister Beatrice went. She was a prime favorite with an old Negro woman who was dying and the woman wanted her. All night Sister Beatrice sat there, far from her Boston childhood, beside an old woman dying by candlelight on an abandoned plantation up the Mississippi.

A week later when Sister Beatrice herself was dead and was laid in old St. Louis Cemetery in New Orleans, a reporter covering the story was moved to write, "And there she was left, this brave, this strong, this valiant woman, who gave back the lie to the nineteenth century that the Bible is an old and worn-out fable and Christ a myth."

In all the years that this colony has been in existence, no doctor or nurse has ever taken the disease. Sister Mary Thomas Stokum, Sister Annie Costello and Sister Cyril Coupe also stayed there until they died.

HAZEL O'HARA.

CONTRIBUTORS

William Franklin SANDS served for many years in the Far East as advisor to the emperor of Korea and in various diplomatic posts where he was able to acquire first-hand knowledge of Pacific peoples.

Lieut. J. G. E. HOPKINS, USMS, has written many short stories for the popular magazines and before the war was a teacher in New York Catholic colleges.

Harry SYLVESTER continues to contribute fiction to *Colliers;* he has almost completed a second novel, "Dayspring."

Klaus DOHRN was formerly the editor of a Catholic weekly in Germany and Austria.

Rev. George G. HIGGINS is a Chicago priest attached to the Social Action Department of NCWC.

Hazel O'HARA lives in Washington, D. C.

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